

## Herald's

Tennis-Track-Golf and  
All Other Amateur Sports  
Written By Experts

## Sporting

Baseball - Pugilism - Autos  
and Full Category Of  
Professional Athletics

## Page

FULLERTON TALKS  
OF MAJORS' RACE

Highlanders and Phillies  
Blow Up—Detroit on  
Ragged Edge.

(By Hugh Fullerton.)

Two pennant hopes have exploded. The New York Highlanders, weak to begin with, badly trained, worse managed, have smashed on the first bar and are drifting, getting worse and worse. It is possible to qualify worse. No one expected much of the team at the beginning, and it has shown worse than was expected. The other derelict is the Philadelphia Nationals, the team which seemed to have high chances of winning the pennant. It is smashed all to bits, and with a batting order that one would have to search the drafting lists to recognize, it is floundering along in the race, without a leader and still giving gallant battle.

**Phillies in Touch Luck.**  
The tough luck that kept the Phillies from being the runners up of the winners last year struck them harder than ever before the season started. It looks now as if they can be counted out of the pennant race, as

far as being actual contenders is concerned. The team will come again and come hard. It is a good team, suffering from stretched, fatigued limbs at the start. I do not think it will come hard enough to make up the lost ground. The influence of losing steadily during the opening weeks is bad. It is like a horse left standing flat-footed when the barrier goes up. It may run the best race, and still be second.

The remarkable showing of the Chicago White Sox during their first trip of the season has been the surprise and the topic of conversation through the entire baseball world. The team, with a shaken-up infield and outfield, a second-rate catcher working almost all the games, simply tore the western clubs to pieces during the short trip. It shows that so much that the White Sox are strong this season as that Cleveland, St. Louis and Detroit are weaker than they looked, that is, in the aggregate, for St. Louis is improved. The Cleveland outfit, from which so much was expected, is not doing well, and Detroit has no pitching staff at all.

**Tigers Have "Gone Back."**

Besides that, the Tigers seem broken with disunion and dissension. It is reported from Detroit that the great Tyus wants to play the infield, so as to show that he can work as well there as in the outfield. He may be a pretty fair infielder. In fact, I think he would make a corking inside man at first, where he isn't needed at all. He wouldn't do at short, and I don't think he could play third at all. Still, if Cobb wants to play the infield, he probably will play it or spike some one. That sort of feeling does not help the club. It seems, too, that Jennings has lost something of his grip on his men. He never had any too much control of them and, in fact, never was a great leader off the field. The force is leading the men in action. While the club was winning a few fights, rows did not hurt much, but when a losing team starts fighting the trouble is serious.

**CLUB STANDING.**

**AMERICAN LEAGUE.**

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	18	5	.782
Boston	17	7	.708
Washington	10	10	.500
Philadelphia	9	8	.529
Cleveland	9	9	.500
Detroit	6	12	.333
St. Louis	4	12	.250
New York	4	12	.250

**Results Wednesday.**

Chicago, 1; Washington, 6.

**Games Friday.**

Chicago at Washington.

St. Louis at New York.

Detroit at Boston.

Cleveland at Philadelphia.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE.**

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Cincinnati	15	4	.789
New York	14	4	.778
Chicago	11	11	.500
Boston	8	10	.444
Philadelphia	8	10	.444
Pittsburgh	7	10	.412
Brooklyn	6	9	.400
St. Louis	5	15	.250

**Results Wednesday.**

Chicago, 9; Boston, 8.

Cincinnati, 1; Philadelphia, 4.

New York, 1; St. Louis, 8.

**Games Friday.**

Brooklyn at Cincinnati.

New York at Chicago.

Philadelphia at Pittsburgh.

**TEXAS LEAGUE.**

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Waco	10	12	.455
Houston	10	12	.455
Austin	10	12	.455
San Antonio	10	12	.455
Beaumont	10	12	.455
Pallas	10	12	.455
Galveston	10	12	.455
Fort Worth	10	12	.455

**PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.**

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Oakland	17	4	.810
Vernon	17	4	.810
Los Angeles	15	7	.682
San Francisco	14	7	.667
Sacramento	13	7	.652
Portland	9	18	.333

**BASEBALL RESULTS.**

**AMERICAN LEAGUE.**

At Philadelphia—Philadelphia-Cleveland game postponed on account of rain.

At Boston—Boston-Detroit game postponed on account of wet grounds.

At New York—St. Louis-New York game postponed on account of rain.

At Washington—R. H. E.

Washington, 6; Philadelphia, 7.

Batteries: Washington, Johnson, Benz, and A. Smith; Chicago, Benz, Walsh and Block.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE.**

At Pittsburgh—Pittsburgh-Brooklyn game postponed on account of rain.

At Chicago—R. H. E.

Chicago, 11; Boston, 8.

Batteries: Chicago, Cole, Rubebach, and Archer; Boston, Hogg, Tyler and Kilg.

At Cincinnati—R. H. E.

Cincinnati, 5; St. Louis, 8.

Batteries: Cincinnati, Benton and McLeary; Philadelphia, Moore and Kilmer, Dooin and Graham.

**WESTERN LEAGUE.**

At Wichita—R. H. E.

Wichita, 3; Lincoln, 1.

Batteries: Lincoln, Weller, Wagoner and Carney; Wichita, Perry and Clemons.

At Omaha—R. H. E.

Omaha, 15; St. Joseph, 1.

Batteries: Omaha, R. E. Brown and Johnson; St. Joseph, Crutcher, Freeman, Wheatley and Castle.

At Denver—R. H. E.

Denver, 15; Topeka, 11.

Batteries: Denver, Cochran and Smith; Chapman, Topeka, Olmstead and Spahr.

At Sioux City—R. H. E.

Sioux City, 8; Des Moines, 10.

Batteries: Sioux City, Moser, Griffen and Cadman; Des Moines, Douglas and McGraw.

**PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.**

At San Francisco—R. H. E.

San Francisco, 3; Los Angeles, 2.

Batteries: Los Angeles, Laverne and Boine; San Francisco, Noyes, Toner and Schmitt.

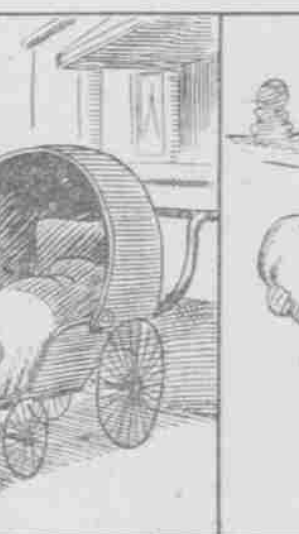
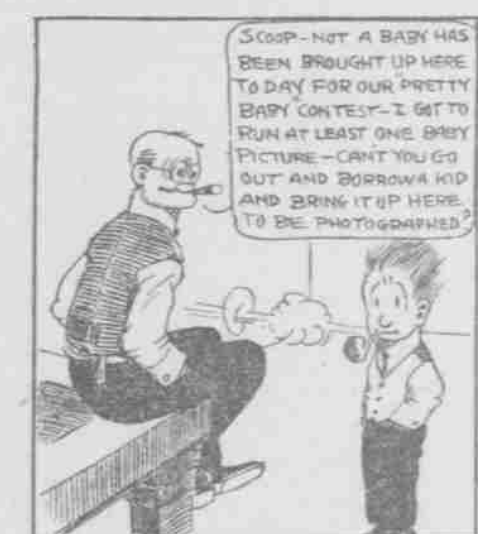
At Los Angeles—R. H. E.

Los Angeles, 6; Oakland, 13.

Batteries: Vernon, Whalen, Carson and Agnew; Oakland, Ables and Mitte.

**UNITED STATES LEAGUE.**

At Pittsburgh—R. H. E.

SCOOP  
THE CLUB REPORTER

## Scoop Visits a Very Fashionable Neighborhood

—BY—  
"HOP"

In the Days Of Old  
Little Stories About Baseball

By W. A. Phelon

WHEN Uncle Anson's wonderful team was winning flags, a generation back, it couldn't be exactly claimed that his champions were Sunday school superintendents. Billy Sunday, of course, was a good young man, and always bore himself with great decorum, but the great majority of the White Stockings were merry wags and gay birds of the midnight hour. Billy Sunday barked mainly, in the early days of his evangelism, on the advertising he got as a reformed ballplayer, but Sunday never had any reforming to go. He was a good youth and a religious youth from the start, and simply followed the beat of natural inclination when he quit the game for the pulpit. But the rest of the White Sox—oh, mammoth!

Anson himself was a fine type of sober, well behaved manhood, but the old man could use as fine a flow of deck-walloper's language, to either an umpire of a ball player, as any one in baseball history. Most of his followers drank free, but never early. They couldn't, because they never got up before noon, unless the Old Man forced them out for morning practice. When Anson thought morning practice must be had, he'd tell his crew and they'd leave calls for nine. Then, after the battle, they went forth and toiled up majestically. If they won—as they did about seven times out of 10—they drank to celebrate the victory. If they lost, which misfortune befell them maybe three times out of 10, they drank to drown their sorrows. Of all the joyous crew, none were much jollier than John Clarkson, master of great pitchers, and Mike Kelly, who shall always be known in the story of the game as King Kelly. Kelly, they say, led Clarkson from the narrow path—he that as it may, they were grand ball players, and each went to his long home with the love and admiration of the fans strewn thick upon his coffin.

One season, when the White Stockings were romping their way through the schedule and throwing the prospects of the other clubs, the old team struck Detroit with a most important series ahead of them. Anson suggested that they cut out all forms of dissipation and prepare themselves for a crucial struggle—every game counted heavily, and a couple of staggering athletes might grab every chance. It is alleged that all the men obeyed the leader's wish that night—all but two. Clarkson and Kelly went forth to paint the town and they sure did paint it properly. They got back to the hotel about three a. m. in a helpless condition, but Uncle didn't see them—he had long since gone to bed.

On the next afternoon Clarkson pitched like a demon. John never had better control, or more windshield judgment of the batters. And Kelly caught superbly, handling everything in faultless fashion, throwing out three men stealing second, and contributing the hits that won the game. It was a glorious victory, and that night Anson sat alone in the lobby of the hotel. Billy Sunday had gone to the Y. M. C. A.—and the rest had gone out to get spiffed.

A long-faced, sad-eyed individual crossed the lobby and halted at Anson's chair. "Capt. Anson," said he, in a hoarse and impressive tone, "I wish to tell you something shocking. Last night, with my own eyes, I saw Clarkson and Kelly, of your ball club, very drunk in the cafe."

"You did?" growled Anson, heavily.

"I certainly did. Shamefully intoxicated, sir, shamefully intoxicated."

"In the cafe, you say?"

"Yes, captain."

"Thanks for the name," grinned Anson. "I must send down there, get a barrel of that fellow's whisky, and take it with us on the road!"

Cincinnati..... R. H. E.

At Chicago..... R. H. E.

Chicago..... R. H. E.

Cleveland..... R. H. E.

All other games postponed, rain.

**SOUTHERN LEAGUE.**

At Montgomery..... R. H. E.

Montgomery..... R. H. E.

Chattanooga..... R. H. E.

At Birmingham..... R. H. E.

Birmingham..... R. H. E.

At Mobile..... R. H. E.

Mobile..... R. H. E.

At New Orleans..... R. H. E.

New Orleans..... R. H. E.

Nashville..... R. H. E.

**TEXAS LEAGUE.**

At Houston..... R. H. E.

Houston..... R. H. E.

Dallas..... R. H. E.

Batteries—Houston, Rose and Allen; Dallas, Bader and Dunagan.

At Galveston—First game: R. H. E.

Galveston..... R. H. E.

Austin..... R. H. E.

Batteries—Galveston, Malloy and Williams; Austin, Ayers, Taylor, Ashton and Smith.

Second game: R. H. E.

Galveston..... R. H. E.

Austin..... R. H. E.

Batteries—Galveston, Henrich and Alexander; Austin, Ashton and Henninger.

At San Antonio—1st game: R. H. E.

San Antonio..... R. H. E.

Waco..... R. H. E.

Batteries—San Antonio, Goodwin, McGraw and Smith; Waco, Ogle and Carson.

Second game: R. H. E.

San Antonio..... R. H. E.

Waco..... R. H. E.

Batteries—San Antonio, Rogers and Smith; Waco, Lohman and Carson.

At Beaumont..... R. H. E.

Beaumont..... R. H. E.

Batteries—Beaumont, Brandt and Holte.

**AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.**

At Minneapolis..... R. H. E.

Minneapolis..... R. H. E.

At Kansas City..... R. H. E.

Kansas City..... R. H. E.

Batteries—Kansas City, Goodwin, McGraw and Smith; Waco, Ogle and Carson.

At Milwaukee..... R. H. E.

Milwaukee..... R. H. E.

At Indianapolis..... R. H. E.

Indianapolis..... R. H. E.

At St. Paul..... R. H. E.

St. Paul..... R. H. E.

At Columbus..... R. H. E.

Columbus..... R. H. E.

**MORROW AND PETROSKY ARE TO MEET IN SAN FRANCISCO.**

San Francisco, Cal., May 9.—Howard Morrow, the Chicago middleweight and Sallor Petrosky of San Francisco were matched here yesterday for the 10 rounds before the Oakland Wheelman's club Wednesday night, May 22. Both men will fight at catch weight.

Johnny Kilbane Gets His First Tryout  
Since Winning Featherweight Crown

Will Fight Johnny Dundee In New York Over the 10 Round Route—Brown-Cross to Meet—Johnson Should Fight—Collegian to Quit Crabbing on Field—Would Eliminate Slang—Anent That Las Vegas Thing.

JOHNNY KILBANE, our brand new featherweight champion, gets his first real tryout since facing Able Attell next week Tuesday in New York.

The light and airy Joinkie is to tackle another Joinkie—Dundee, being his last name—in a little 10 round affair of the leathers and it ought to be a corker. Dundee has hammered all of the eastern featherers into submission and is the logical man for the champion to meet.

It is doubtful if the featherweight ever lived who could tough Kilbane to any extent in the matter of 10 rounds of fighting. Kilbane is as fast as a forked lightning, with a wonderful left jab and foot work, a reform, therefore, as though the champion suffers no chance in hooking up with the Dundee person, even though the easterner admittedly has lots of class.

Another good fight carded for next week in New York is the K. O. Brown-Leach Cross mix. Just when every one thinks Cross is about to dig as a fighter he reappears by some strange victory and makes himself eligible for another fast match. He was considered to have gone a long way back until he trimmed Tommy Murphy the other night in New York, after Murphy had covered Able Attell, too.

Brown and Cross are so adept at the 10 round game that they can go through the entire program looking fierce and apparently swinging to kill without in reality either suffering a punch that hurts.

This old white hope guff is beginning to hurt the fight game, and along with the elements themselves it seems to be conspiring against the fight fans. This much mooted question has been so maligned that it would hardly be known by the ones that gave it birth. Like the Merry Widow waltz, the dawg song and such, it has become a member of the list of contagious diseases.

Generally the fight game is looking up to furnish the strategy and direct the batting from the bench. Had managers on the one hand, and poor team work on the other, regularly resulted in the game without any real excitement. Now that both Yale and Harvard are working along the same lines it is more than likely that their example will be followed by other college teams, which means that the constant clattering and absurd coaching, which is done for no other reason than to distract or rattle the opposing players, will gradually disappear. A baseball game can show plenty of snap and ginger in the game without any artificial manufactured for unsportsmanlike purposes.

Crabbing against slang, a western university asks its students to avoid these expressions: "I don't think. Not on your life. You can search-me. I guess. That's going some. Can you beat it? Sure I will. That looks queerly spiffy. There's some class to that. Are you on? O fudge. Cut it out! Talking to beat the band. They're not in it. It's all good. Nothing doing. That's nifty. Never again. Cough up! He has nothing on me. The surest thing you know. Not to

New York, N. Y., May 9.—Johnny Coulton, of Chicago, the bantamweight champion, easily defeated Young Solsberg of Brooklyn in a 10 round bout here last night.

The bout went the full 10 rounds and Coulton had the better of nine of them, Solsberg getting the initial round by a fair margin.

Solsberg started off with a rish. Coulton contented himself with feeling out his man and Solsberg won the first round on points. From the opening of the second round until the end of the tenth, Coulton was at all times master. In the second with a right over to the jaw he dropped Solsberg, but the Brooklyn lad held on to Coulton's glove and regained his feet inside of two seconds.

In the following Coulton landed stiff lefts to the face and uppercuts with his right hand to the jaw. Solsberg kept striking to the head and landing occasionally with left and right to the face and short arm blows to the body. The body blows he landed in the fourth and fifth round seemed to have no effect on Coulton. In the sixth Coulton kept forcing matters and punished his man heavily about the body, bailing him into wild swings. In the eighth Solsberg put a straight left in the jaw, one of the best blows he has landed.

In the next Solsberg began swinging wildly, receiving hard body punishment. Solsberg tried to mix it, but was beaten back in the final seven.

Coulton had the local boy at his mercy.

GOOD ROADS WORKER  
GETS NEW RECORD

C. L. Lanley, a pioneer worker for the good roads cause, not only "in this territory" but across the United States and a staunch supporter of the Borderland route made the trip in from Denning in four hours and 35 minutes which, it is claimed, is a record. He took the north road out of Denning to Caroe.

TANNEHILL'S WRIST  
BUSTED BY JOHNSON

Washington, D. C., May 9.—One of Walter Johnson's speed balls put Lee Tannehill, utility infielder of the Chicago Americans out of the game in definitely yesterday. Tannehill's wrist was broken by a chanced ball. The crowd jeered the Chicago player as he trotted to first base, rubbing his arm for the ball seemed to have struck the bat.



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"Tickets please"

El Paso—Ysleta

Ysleta—El Paso